

Rival Editor's Scrap Book

LATEST developments from China, says Judge Meeker, would seem to make it appear that somebody had set China adrift in an open dory and that someone was rockin' the dory.

Women are even takin' up athletics, with some prospects of enterin' the prize ring. Well, some women we know are there with a right swing to the jaw, say we.

This has been postal improvement week at our local postoffice. We'll say it was weak.

The seashore resorts will soon be open so the flappers can disport themselves, but 't won't be such a treat to 'em after all. They've been walkin' aroun' all Winter with sort of a bored walk.

Sim Trumbull has been havin' seances all Winter with one of these here faith cure healers tryin' to git his rheumatism cured, but Sim says spiritualism might be all right for the soul, but when it comes to healin' rheumatism it seems to be all run down-at the heel. The pains still shoot aroun' the ten degree curves in his legs with the cut-out wide open.

So Uncle Joe Cannon is eighty-six years old. Well, it can be said for Uncle Joe he is not one of them disappearin' Cannon, say we.

Ned Hammer has a new automobile and his wife takes him to business in it every mornin'. Its nothin' new for a wife to take her husband to task every day, say we.

The housin' problem don't seem to bother the birds none this Spring. They just build their nest in a tree an' take up their residences, without even sayin' by your leave or nothin'.

Delegates to the Genoa Conference seem to be all wrought up all the time about some clause or other, evidently afraid somebody'll get their claws onto somethin' when nobody's lookin'.

Soubrettes in the burlesque show at the Op'ry House sure did a lot of fancy kickin' last week. Seemed to us that maybe they were kickin' because they couldn't get some one to buy 'em some clothes.

Hipe Snodgrass asks if "sordid business" means that the trusts are sore because some of their customers did business with some one else? Righto, say we.

Strange, handsome man smiled at a flapper on the 5:15 the other evening. She tried to blush, but had left her rouge in the office. Hard then, say we.

Maybe you think your pants don't require pressing, but other folks see the kneed.—Adv. Main St. Cleaning and Pressing Emporium.

From Here and There

That Ain't the Half of It. **W**HAT makes your mother order ice cream for the first course and soup for the last?

"Well, her stomach is upset, so she eats the meal backward."

Hit Him Hard.

FREDDY, the star player of the Brantown Ramblers, was in love with one of the director's daughters.

There had been a very painful scene the night before, when Freddy had asked papa for the hand of Molly, and now the lovers were talking about the future.

"I am shocked," said Molly, "at the way father treated you. I have always worshipped papa, but it seems as if my idol has feet of clay!"

"Clay?" exclaimed Freddy. "They seemed like concrete to me!"

Then Father Flared.

A YOUNG man was wheeling a perambulator to and fro in front of his house. He looked hot but contented.

"My dear!" came a voice from an upper window of the house.

"Now let me alone!" he called back. "We're all right."

An hour later the same voice, in earnest, pleading tones:

"Arthur, dear!"

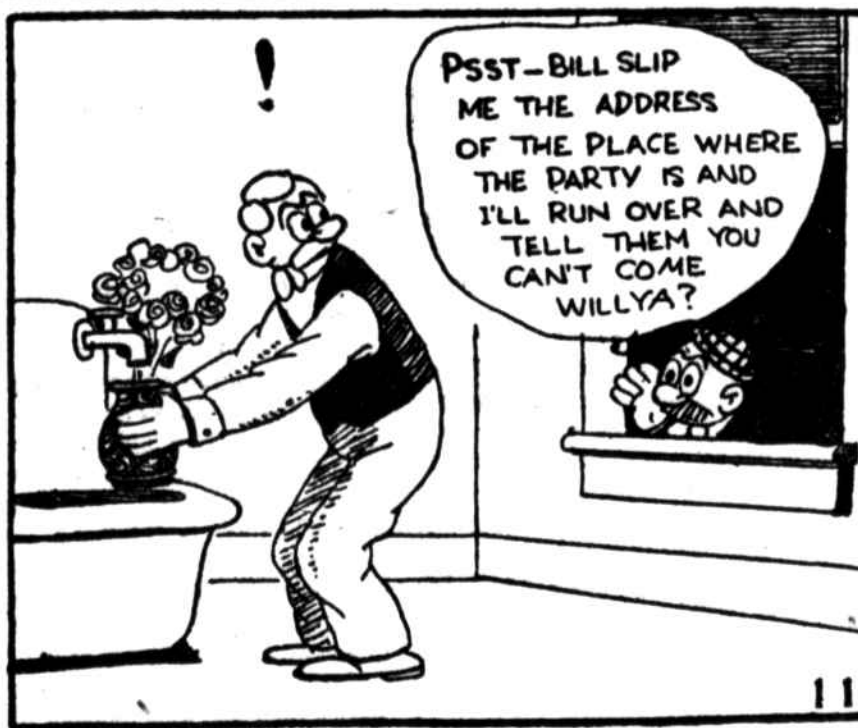
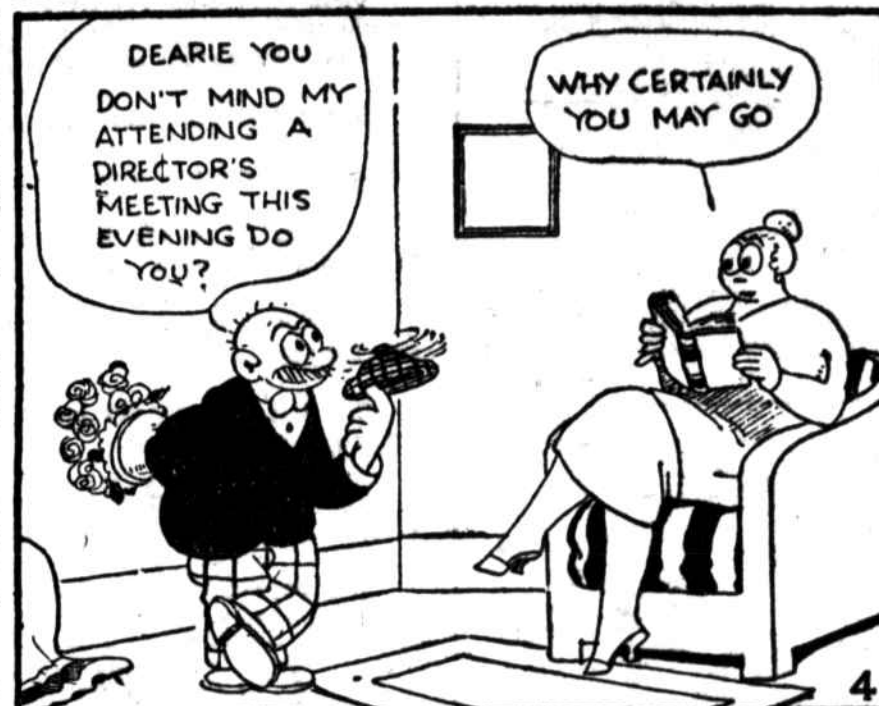
"Well, what do you want?" he responded. "Anything wrong in the house?"

"No, dear; but you have been wheeling Dora's doll all the afternoon. Isn't it time for the baby to have a turn?"

Eddie's Friends

The Dope Went Wrong

The Whiskers Handicap



SOME weeks ago an otherwise progressive citizen of New York State discovered that he had a beard eight feet long, and he told the world. He added that he thought this was about the glibb dangdest mess of whiskers in these more or less United States. In brief, he claimed to be the champ long-whiskerite and challenged all comers.

Thus the great whiskers handicap was inaugurated. It is only fair to say that since then the New York State man has been obliged to retire from the race in deepest chagrin and humiliation. His lace curtains do not even start, for he knows the raising of whiskers has long been an art with considerable kick here in America, and the luxuriant crops are not confined to any particular locality.

The first contender to raise a squawk was Mr. J. J. Tanner, of Brighton, Michigan. Brighton seems to be a great whiskers centre, extra snowplow attachments being necessary on locomotives when pulling freight or passenger trains through that town. Mr. Tanner reached down inside his vest, pulled out nine and one-half feet of facial spinach, grabbed the championship, was given a banquet by admiring friends, and settled back to enjoy his laurels and royalties to be earned by patting his whiskers in the movies.

But his victory was short lived, for almost immediately there appeared on the horizon Mr. Jack Wilcox, of Carson City, Nevada, who read of the ridiculous pretensions of Mr. Tanner, and, prospecting around the house, found fourteen feet of whiskers attached to his own jaw, some of them long forgotten. He immediately had two or three experts comb them out and shampoo them, but when he did so they shrank through depreciation to a mere twelve feet. This was a sad blow, but Mr. Wilcox still had the championship clinched against all registered contenders by a good margin of two and one-half feet.

That is where the matter rests at latest returns. Mr. Wilcox seems, like Mr. Dempsey, to be without a serious rival, but somebody, probably an unknown, will appear suddenly one of these days and poke Mr. Wilcox and his whiskers for a row of mattresses and win the championship.

Heard Along Broadway

Ah, Yes!
Bill—Swagger party to-night.
Be—Stagger?
Bill—No; that comes later.

The Deadly Insult.
JIMSON was proud of his new car, though it was by no means a beauty; but his pride was destined to be taken down. He pulled up before an hotel, and one of the local loafers immediately remarked to a friend who was helping him to loaf:

"Look 'ere, Bill! See what they're givin' away with a tin o' gasoline now!"

All He Had.
A YOUNG lawyer was asked to defend a tramp who was accused of stealing a watch.

The lawyer pleaded with all the ardor at his command, drawing a pathetic picture with such convincing energy that at the close of the argument the court was in tears and even the tramp wept.

The jury deliberated and found the prisoner "not guilty."

Then the tramp drew himself up, tears streaming down his face as he said to the lawyer:

"Sir, I have never heard such a grand plea. I have not cried since I was a child. I have no money with which to reward you, but—drawing a package from the depths of his ragged clothes—"Here's that watch; take it and welcome."

New Broom.

THE new stenog determined to make a good impression upon her chief. She turned up half an hour early and began tidying up the room.

When that was done she examined her typewriter, discovered that it was in a shocking condition, found a bottle, and gave it a thorough oiling. Then she examined all the other typewriters in the office and oiled them, too.

There is nothing, she thought, like making oneself indispensable! Her chief arrived. He looked around with an air of satisfaction and crossed to the mantelpiece. Then his smile changed to a frown.

"Miss Smith," he said, "have you seen my cough mixture?"

Some People Believe That—

EVERY screen actor jumps suddenly into a million dollars a year. It requires everything except brains to get into the United States Senate.

Every taxicab driver in the world hates every traffic cop in the world. Whiskey is sure to be pure and harmless if you make it yourself at home.

The only reason some people go to Europe is to talk about it afterward.

Nobody ever had a comfortable or pleasant ride in a subway train. All the native New Yorkers who ever became great were born on the East Side.

Nobody connected with the screen in any way ever has any worry about money.

As soon as he steps off a train in New York a stranger will be held up.

All ladies who are wicked become so by the practice of smoking cigarettes.

There is no flapper in the world who knows how to wash dishes—at home.

Battleships spend all their time under the Brooklyn Bridge being photographed.

All a novelist has to do is to sit in a flowered dressing gown and smoke a pipe.

Things are always more expensive in a small shop than in a large one. Every business man in New York is "out to lunch" when you call him up.

Most women would rather marry a handsome poor man than a homely rich one.

Skunk furs are always very odorous when they are out in a rain storm.

The Dippy Dictionary—By Joy. Cows.

COWS were the meek and lowly source of the milk supply before chalk and water were discovered. Some day they may become extinct except in Dutch paintings and picnic grounds.

They get a lot of blame for things they never did, viz.: the present six-bit butter with its Autumnal tint and mysterious odor and, also, some varieties of cheese which ought to be banished to the Island of Yap. Then there wouldn't be any argument over the ownership of said island.

It is said that a special brand of cows are cultivated for the manufacture of Limburger cheese. They are kept in detention homes and wear gas masks.

The cow is a peculiar animal and has what is perhaps the most accurate fall in the world. With it she can hit the milkier in the left eye with the same mechanical precision with which the professional trap-shooter breaks his targets, and with one deadly kick of

her right hind foot she centers the bucket of lactic treasure hanging on a nail fifteen feet above her head.

Nature takes excellent care of the cow. Even though she eats two acres of green turnips, a patch of onions and four bars of soap, she never has the stomach ache, which with her would be a catastrophe, since she has nine stomachs by mathematical count.

The cow gives sweet milk, which accounts for the large number of flies that swarm about it. It is argued by some that cows give cold cream in the Winter and nut-sundaes once a week in the Fall, but she is no more responsible for those two necessities than she is for the number two milk that slips up and hides in the doorway before you wake up in the morning and which doesn't have enough cream on it to make a safe raft for a stunted disease germ, which, according to the bacteriologists, make up ninety-nine per cent of each pint the baby drinks.

A Few Nuts With the Squirrels

THE difference between a statesman and a balloon is—that a balloon is no good if it lets its hot-air escape and a statesman is no good if he doesn't.

The reason we see so few rich foreign noblemen over here is that if they are rich there is no reason for them to come over.

Many a man is a vegetarian at heart, but his stomach has other views.

What's the use of asking for more elastic laws when everybody wears them now?

One thing will always go over a woman's head, and that is a new Summer hat.

BROKE.

"Honestly, now, am I the first girl you ever loved?"
"No; but I hope you will be the last."

The matrimonial match lights on the cash box these days.

A safety match is the kind that is made between a widow with five children and a widower with four.

There will not be another boxer uprising in China if Jack Dempsey stays away from there.

It is generally regarded as an insult when a barber starts to give you a shampoo with a vacuum cleaner.